THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 20, 1808.

Narrative of the Execution of the Earl of Argyle, in* 1685.

[From Mr. Fox's Historical Work, recently published.]

BEFORE he left the castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, into his bed-room, where it is recorded that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him; upon being told that the earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a devise to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of his bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who, by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance, who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, "No, no, that will not help me; I have been at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within

* This nobleman was at the head of the duke of Monmouth's party in Scotland, and suffered at Edinburgh for his attachment to that cause.

an hour of eternity. But as for me——." The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates, is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! What an affecting and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect, that the guilt which agonized him, was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men whom the world calls wise in their generation.

Soon after this short repose, Argyle was brought, according to order, to the Laigh council-house, from which place is dated the letter to his wife, and thence to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some discourse, as well with M. Annand, a minister appointed by government to attend him, as with M. Charteris. He desired both of them to pray for him, and prayed himself with much fervency and devotion. The speech which he made to the people, was such, as might be expected from the passages already related. The same mixture of firmness and mildness is conspicuous in every part of it. "We ought not," says he, "to despise our afflictions, nor faint under them. We must not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent, nor pusillanimous compliances, bring guilt upon ourselves; faint hearts are ordinarily false hearts, choosing sin rather than suffering." He offered his prayers to God for the three kingdoms, and that an end may be put to their present trials. Having then asked pardon for his own failings, both of God and man, he would have concluded: but being reminded that he had said nothing of the royal family, he adds that he refers, in this matter, to what he had said at his trial concerning the test; that he prayed there never might be wanting one of the royal family to support the protestant religion, and if any one of them had swerved from the true faith, he prayed God to turn their hearts, but at any rate to save his people from their machinations. When he had ended, he turned to the south side of the scaffold, and said, "Gentlemen, I pray you do not misconstruct my behaviour this day; I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be

forgiven

forgiven of God." Mr. Annand repeated these words louder to the people. The earl then went to the north side of the scaffold, and used the same, or the like expressions. Mr. Annand repeated them again, and said, "This nobleman dies a protestant." The earl stepped forward again, and said, "I die not only a protestant, but with a heart-hatred of popery, prelacy, and all superstition whatsoever."

It would, perhaps, have been better if these last expressions had never been uttered, as there appears certainly something of violence in them, unsuitable to the general tenour of his language; but it must be remembered first, that the opinion that the pope is antichrist was at that time general amongst all the zealous protestants in the kingdom; secondly, that Annand, being employed by government, and probably an episcopalian, the earl might apprehend that the declaration of such a minister, might not convey the precise idea, which he, Argyle, affixed to the word protestant.

He then embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stripped himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block—having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body.

Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 40.

TO THE EDITOR.

BASE and inanimate must be the heart that glows not with exultation at the recital of British *valour;* and equally base and inanimate must *that* heart be that burns not with indignation at the mention of British *brutality!* I allude, Sir, to the notorious increase of *boxing-matches,* patronized (I blush to say) by nobility itself! At a late contest in Herts, we are informed that the inhuman savages found a refuge from the intrusion of the police in the park of a *baronet.* I am only astonished that some strict and penal law is not enacted to check such an infamous practice; and to obliterate (if possible)

ble) the stigma it has already cast on our national character. Why not march off these gymnastic heroes to recruit our fleets and armies? They would *then*, perhaps, discover the difference between savage ferocity and true manly courage. I have now a newspaper on my table, containing a minute description of twenty-seven rounds fought between those inhuman desperadoes Gulley and Gregson; and, notwithstanding the horror of the narrative, the editor concludes without a single expression of abhorrence or disgust; what is this but tacit approbation? According to *my* notion of things, a *detail* of such circumstances is highly improper, and proves nothing less than an indirect method of countenancing the vilest outrage that ever disgraced the annals of a nation *called* civilized! I see no impropriety in the bare mention that a battle was fought—but I conceive it, at the same time, a duty incumbent on the writer, to hold up to public infamy the promoters of it. Conscious that whatever may flow from such a humble pen as mine will avail but little in checking the progress of a national disgrace, I shall conclude, by recommending the subject to the attention of those whose talents would ensure the serious attention of government.

Your's, &c.

X.

MR. EDITOR,

By inserting in the Letter-Box the following extract from a pamphlet written by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, on putrid fevers, you will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

"Seventeen years ago, (says Mr. C.) I went to reside in Brampton, a populous village near Chesterfield. I had not been there many months, before a putrid fever broke out amongst us. Finding by far the greatest part of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I early attended a boy about fourteen years of age, who was attacked by this fever. He had not been ill many days, before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered the bark, wine, and such other remedies as my books directed. My exertions were, however, of no avail: his disorder became every day more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought, for the last time; and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them

in

in the best manner I was able, to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed in a small corner of the room, a tub of wort working; the sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with, of a piece of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation. The idea flashed into my mind that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of this disease. I instantly gave him two large spoonsful. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every three hours. I then set out for my journey. Upon my return, a few days after, I anxiously enquired after the boy, and was informed he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, though I was greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on; I went directly to where he lived, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors. The boy himself opened the door, looked surprisingly well, and told me he felt better the moment he took the yeast.

"After I left Brampton I lived in Leicestershire; my parishioners there being few and opulent, I dropped my medical character entirely, and would not prescribe for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, the apothecary was sent for. His complaint was a violent fever, which in its progress became putrid. Having great reliance, and deservedly, on the apothecary's penetration and judgment, the man was left solely to his management. His disorder however kept daily gaining ground, 'till, at length, the apothecary considered him in very great danger. At last, finding every effort to be of service to him baffled, he told me he considered it to be a lost case, and that in his opinion the man could not survive four and twenty hours. On the apothecary thus giving him up, I determined to try the effects of yeast. I gave him two large spoonsful; and in fifteen minutes from taking the yeast, his pulse, though still feeble, began to get composed and full. He, in thirty-two minutes from taking it, was enabled to get up from his bed, and walk the room. At the expiration of the second hour, I gave him a bason of sago, with a good deal of lemon, wine, and ginger in it; he ate it with an appetite. In another hour I repeated the yeast. An hour afterwards I gave the bark as before; at the next hour he had food; next had another dose of yeast; and then went to bed. It was nine o'clock; he told me he had a good night, and was recovered. I however repeated the medicine, and was soon able to go about his business as usual.

"About a year after this, as I was riding past a detached farm-house, at the outskirts of the village, I observed a farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On enquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me her father

father was dying. I dismounted, and went into the house to see him, and found him in the last stage of a putrid fever; his tongue was black, his pulse scarcely perceptible, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured down his throat. I then left him with little hopes of recovery; but on my return in two hours, I found him sensible, and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He afterwards took, at proper intervals, some refreshment. I stayed with him 'till he repeated the yeast, and then left him with directions how to proceed. Calling on him the next morning, at nine o'clock, I found him apparently well, and walking in his garden. He was an old man, upwards of seventy.

"I have since administered the yeast to above fifty persons labouring under putrid fevers; and, what is singular, I have not lost a patient."

For the Letter-Box.

A SOLEMN MEMENTO.

Only mark yon playful child,
By a painted fly beguil'd!
See what rapture fills his eyes,
How he pants to seize the prize!
Now he climbs the hill—and now
On the cliff's tremendous brow
Totters!! Reader, dost thou shrink
Backward from the dizzy brink?
Dost thou tremble? Soon or late
Such must be *thy* destin'd fate.
Thou, too, in pursuit of gain,
Seek'st a bauble just as vain!
Toil'st thy golden hours away,
'Till the close of nature's day.
Then, from life's extremest height,
Eternity bursts full in sight—
A gulph—unfathomably deep—
And thou—a totterer on the steep.

X.

ACCOUNT *of the late* ADMIRAL RODDAM.

(Concluded from Page 463.)

AT this period, being on a cruize off Hispaniola, on the 16th of March, early in the morning, plying off Cape Cabroon,

Cabroon, the Greenwich fell in with five French line of battle ships, two frigates, and a storeship, which the officers and crew of the Greenwich all fully supposed and asserted were merchantmen convoyed by two frigates; but Captain Roddam saw otherwise, and, though late, convinced his ship's company of their mistake, as they proved to be the Tonnant, of 84 guns, commanded by Admiral Bofromont; the Desanncene, of 74, Captain Blonal; the Diadem, of 74, Captain Rofele; L'Eveille, of 64, Captain Merville; Inflexible, of 64; and the Savage and Le Bronne frigates, with a twenty-gun storeship. This squadron being to windward, sent one of the frigates to reconnoitre, which Captain Roddam perceiving, and finding there could be no chance to escape, used every manœuvre to draw her towards the Greenwich. This ship being painted in the manner of the French, he hoped to decoy the frigate, for which he had prepared men to board, with an intention of sending her immediately to Admiral Townshend, at Jamaica, with intelligence of the situation and number of the enemy; but the French frigate soon discovering the Greenwich to be a two-decked ship, made great exertion to shelter herself amidst the French squadron.

The Diadem first began firing at nine o'clock, and from that hour 'till nine at night the Greenwich was incessantly attacked by one or other of the fleet. Captain Roddam again prepared to board the L'Eveille, a 64, being the best sailing ship; but several of the enemy renewing the action at the same time, the Greenwich became so much injured in her rigging, that she was quite unmanageable, which compelled Captain Roddam to relinquish his hopes of boarding. He then called his ship's company together, and told them he had done all in his power to preserve his majesty's ship, but if any of them could point out the French admiral's ship, the Tonnant, he thought the Greenwich could yet divert her an hour or two. The officers, and the whole ship's company, answered, "They must obey their captain; but they had been unceasingly shot at for twelve hours, and supported an action they believed longer than any ship had ever before sustained."

At half after nine at night, it being the opinion of all the officers that Captain Roddam had done every thing that could be done for his majesty's service, and that engaging any further could only tend to sacrifice the men, the 64 gun ship being then within hail, and the others close astern of her, Captain Roddam ordered the colours to be struck; the French ship L'Eveille presently hailed Captain Roddam to hoist out a boat, and go on board the sixty-four, which he repeatedly refused to do; and finding his interpreter had said, "every thing being cut away they could not get a boat out," instead of saying, "Captain Roddam *would not*," he himself hailed, and enquiring

quiring if any one on board the L'Eveille spoke English, he was replied to by a person he knew, a Mr. Giddy, a Danish officer, who had served in the preceding war with Captain Norris in the Prince Frederick. Captain Roddam then told Mr. Giddy he would not go on board the French man of war in his own boat, but must be sent for, which, if not complied with, he would hoist the British colours immediately, and defend his ship as long as she could swim.

The French lieutenant then went on board the Greenwich, and found the men all at their quarters, with lighted matches in their hands, and the greatest order prevailing throughout the ship (of which under like circumstances there had never been a precedent), and which seeming to alarm and surprize the French lieutenant, Captain Roddam told him, "He had there seen a garrison capitulate to a very superior force, and ready to renew the fight if the French had not done as he required." Captain Roddam was then taken on board the L'Eveille, Captain Merville, who, instead of sending for his own bedding, gave him that night one of the ship's company's cradles, with a dirty rug, which seemed to have been employed in the last office for many a poor mariner in the French ship; and Captain Roddam's anxious mind not having allowed him to think of dressing when he struck (which was at that time an invariable custom of the French), he was of course next morning extremely black and dirty, with torn shoes and tattered habiliments, damaged by splinters during the long action; and although he had so feelingly urged and solicited kind treatment for his officers and men, yet had he the painful reflection to know, that all except the lieutenants were put among the foremast-men; his purser's clothes were taken off his back, and his steward was kept waiting on the poop without victuals ten hours; every place was broken open and ransacked, though the French lieutenant (who had the key of the bureau, &c.) had given his word of honour to the contrary; and the whole crew of the Greenwich were without food. Captain Roddam insisted upon being carried to the French admiral, that he might complain of ill treatment, and was at last summoned to his presence in the uncomfortable habiliments mentioned, and in such a condition as would have caused a British victor to have blushed at in a prisoner of the meanest rank.

Monsieur Bofromont and his countrymen were sparing of every thing but civil speeches, which could neither clothe nor feed Britain's brave tars. Captain Roddam told the admiral that Captain Merville and his officers had acted in so cruel and improper a way in every respect, that they ought to be broke. He was asked what had induced him to hold so unequal a contest, and to refuse to hoist his boat out? he answered, that having very lately heard that an English man of war had been

taken by a French line of battle ship and a frigate, and that the captain had been compelled to carry his sword in his own boat to the frigate; he was resolved that such a disgrace should not happen to him, for his sword so required should only have been delivered through the body of the person demanding it in a manner so degrading and insulting. Himself and his ship's crew were taken to Hispaniola.

About two months after they were all embarked for Jamaica, except one lieutenant, who died at the Cape, and one who remained there, having been wounded. Upon his arrival at Jamaica, Captain Roddam was tried by a court-martial, in Port Royal harbour. When the court presented the sentence to Admiral Coates, commander in chief, he immediately complimented Captain Roddam, by giving him the minutes of the court, with a request that he would print them, as reflecting great credit on the service, and the British flag; it was accordingly printed at Kingston, in Jamaica. Captain Roddam returned to England upon parole, and as soon as he was exchanged, he went out passenger in the Montague to Sir Edward Hawke, and took the command of the Colchester, under his lordship, off Ushant, the 7th of December, 1759, in which ship he was sent to Plymouth, to procure what the Colchester wanted, and to conduct any convoy that might be ready for that station; with which in ten days the Colchester rejoined Sir Edward Hawke, who ordered Captain Roddam commanding her, with Captain Hervey in the Monmouth, and Captain Rowley in the Montague, to watch the French fleet close off Brest. Three French men of war came out, which the English ships chaced within the batteries, and run one of them on shore.

After this service, Captain Roddam was ordered to relieve Captain Duff off Belleisle; on this occasion he carried the Colchester through the narrow rocky passage (Le Ras), between the Saints and the shore into Audierne bay, which was believed to be the first English ship that ever made the attempt. After some other services, the Colchester was ordered to Spithead, and being found unserviceable, was paid off. Peace was soon after proclaimed; upon which Captain Roddam turning his sword into a ploughshare, laid the foundation of those improvements in his own county, at Roddam; an estate which in the year 1776, he became heir to by the death of his eldest brother, Edward Roddam, esq. in whose life time he built the present mansion-house, retaining a singular and strong attachment to the ancient possessions of his family.

On a supposition of war breaking out with Spain, about the year 1770, Captain Roddam was commissioned on the 7th of December in that year, for the Lenox of 74 guns, at Portsmouth, and continued in her command three years as a guard-

ship, being relieved the 19th of December, 1773, by Captain Matthew Moor; and at the commencement of the American war he was commissioned for the Cornwall, of 74 guns, at Chatham, the 17th of March, 1777, with orders to proceed to Spithead, and commanded one of the twelve ships then intended for the Mediterranean; but upon being appointed rear-admiral of the white, on the 29th of April, 1778, he was succeeded in the command of the Cornwall by Captain Timothy Edwards, and was ordered immediately to Chatham as commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels in the river Medway and at the Nore; and on the 19th of March, 1779, received the rank of vice-admiral of the blue, and continuing in the same command was promoted to be vice-admiral of the white, on the 26th of September, 1780; vice-admiral of the red on the 24th of September, 1787; and on the 20th of April, 1789, he was appointed commander in chief at Portsmouth, where he continued three years a most active and attentive commander.

By early hours and regularity he carried every business quickly forward; and the expectation of a war, with its hurrying consequences, gave him in that situation many opportunities of exerting his professional zeal. Among other instances, he received orders to get the guardships ready for sea, which he completed in five days, except men; and the like order being repeated for fitting out five sail more, he had them also entirely ready at Spithead in fourteen days, which he announced to the lords of the admiralty, with earnest offers to go with the squadron to any part of the world. This extraordinary expedition in getting men of war ready for sea so astonished the French nation, that their newspapers noticed that British ships of war sprung up complete like mushrooms.

His professional services have, with a strong wish for employment, been offered upon every occasion, but he has not had an opportunity of exercising them since he struck his flag at Portsmouth in the year 1792. Upon the 1st of February, 1793, he was promoted to be admiral of the blue; on the 12th of April, 1794, admiral of the white; and in 1805, admiral of the red, at the head of which list he was placed. He died in the spring of the present year, at Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, aged 85.

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 476.)

"FROM a small box, more or less full, the secretary took at stated times, what, as he said, fell to my share; and this

this small reward satisfied me so well, that I found myself in very easy circumstances. My chief concern was, that I sometimes found, at the end of my extracts, that the conclusions of the reporter were not agreeable with those that good sense would have dictated. I complained of this to D'Alembert, who upon hearing me made a wry face. I took occasion to express my surprise one day to Rapin. "Why do you trouble yourself about the matter?" said he abruptly. "When you have made your extracts from a suit, and given in your works to the judge, your task is performed, and you should think no more of it. Affairs have so many points of view, and the law so many different aspects! And besides what does it signify on which side the scale of justice preponderates; and what is the issue of a suit? Loss or gain all comes to the same at the year's end, with regard to the public good; there is not a farthing loss; and law-suits are, taking them in a right point of view, nothing else but a means of circulation."

"My master's lessons did no way edify me. This game of heads and tails upon the fate of causes, and this circulation of loss and gain, which is the same thing, took away from the respect I always wished to hold him in; but I soon afterwards knew much more of him.

"Being confined with the gout, he was forced to trust me for some time entirely by myself, in the midst of the pleaders. He was uneasy on the occasion. Every day I duly gave him an account of the business, and of the audiences I had given; but I found that he was under some kind of embarrassment with me, for which he did not care to account.

"Having one day looked over an extract of importance, which I presented to him; "Very well," said he: "but have you seen the parties?" I replied that I had. "Well!" "I heard them both with attention." "Well!" "They went away well pleased with my reception." "And is that all?" "Yes, Sir, that is all; I intreated them to make themselves easy, and that I would be sure to expedite their affair as quick as possible." "As quick as possible! Why truly I am not surprised that each party went away satisfied. With this manner of treating them there would not be a ———"

"Here he suddenly stopped; and, after having considered for a few moments. "No;" said he "this business is in no hurry. Let us see; here is one that requires greater dispatch. The pleaders for and against have desired to see me. I shall send you to them. Hear them; promise them nothing; and do not put on so complying an air. You will inform me in what manner they conduct themselves."

"According to Rapin's desire, I attended when they came; I listened to them patiently, but with reserve, as he wished. One of them, more anxious than the other at this cool reception,

left upon the table a *rouleau* of gold, which I did not perceive before the client was already gone a good way off. I took this for an affront, and I repaired to my gouty man to complain of my humiliation.

" I perceived Rapin eyed me with a down cast look, and a sneering smile, which was a very bad omen for me. " You are right to be offended," said he, " this pleader is a fool, an impertinent fellow. Leave me this money, and let him appear before me if he dare ; I will treat him as he deserves ; I'll scold him with a vengeance!" " At least," said I, " inform him that I did not perceive the insult he offered me." " I will not fail." " That I ran after him." " Very well!" That I called him back." " Certainly." " And that if I had known where he lived I should have followed him, and thrown his infamous present at his head." " I will tell him all." " A man must be possessed of a base mind," continued I, " to suppose a judge's secretary could be capable of venality and corruption." " Very true," said Rapin, " it calls for punishment, and we are not of a disposition to suffer such offences. But leave me now, my fit is upon me, and I have no occasion to heat my blood."

" I will wager," said Plemer, " that he was making a fool of you, and that he kept the *rouleau* himself."

" Indeed," said Montalde, " I had some suspicion of it, and I meant to have enquired of the pleader if he had got his money back again ; but Rapin, who did not wish such explanation, was too quick for me, and prevented my enquiries. The next day, when I waited on M. de Ferbois, he received me with more than usual affability and kindness. " M. Montalde," said he, " I am well satisfied with your assiduity and your diligence, but you do not understand business. M. Rapin has not had time to form you : He is ill, and, in order to supply his place, I have occasion for a person of more knowledge and experience than you can possess. I am very sorry. I am pleased with your talents and your behaviour. Go, depend upon me. I shall patronise you, and give you the best character."

" I departed without feeling any regret, at not being any longer of this school, but convinced, however, that my evil genius delighted in pushing me back into an abyss, as often as I endeavoured to get out of it.

" How," said I, " am I now to extricate myself? behold, I am again fallen! Shall I return and importune the worthy D'Alembert, after he has exhausted every means to serve me! No, it would be baseness. Shall I take from my mother the little income I left her, become burdensome to my sisters, and carry back to my native country the mortification of disappointed hopes? No, I will sooner cease to live! But since I have

have now no resource but to destroy myself, why not render this desperate courage of some use to my country? I have yet the honourable resource of dying a soldier. I endeavoured to enlist; but alas! on being measured I was found to be a quarter of an inch below the standard.

"'Till now my height had been of the greatest indifference to me. I had never entertained a thought upon the subject. But there are certain situations in life in which the smallest addition to our misfortunes will completely overwhelm us. The idea of being unfit even for a foot soldier, mortified and oppressed me to the heart. I perceived the gall which mixed with my blood diffuse itself over my whole frame; and I felt the shivering of the slow fever in which you found me run through all my veins. I came, with the little money I had left, to this hotel, where I fell sick, and desired to have a nurse. Providence sent me this charitable woman, this worthy Dupré. It has since sent me the best and most benevolent of men. Heaven will not suffer me to be always wretched.

"I will prevent," answered Plemer, "your being so any more, or we will be unfortunate together. I have been for some time looking out for a young man, who, at the head of my commercial affairs, should be, as it were, another self; and you may, if you please, be that person.

"Gratitude and joy so overcame Montalde, that he would have fallen at Plemer's feet, if he had not prevented him. "Oh! no transports," said he, "I do not like them; they make a man look as if he was surprized, and I would not have any man be so at my doing a kind action. The air of Paris is not beneficial for either of us. My business is finished here; I have taken leave of my friends; my chaise has room for two, let us set off to-morrow for Nantz. The good Dupré, your nurse, shall come after us."

"I have only to entreat for time to inform my worthy friend D'Alembert, of my good fortune, and bid him farewel."

"We will go and see him together," said Plemer; "I do not wish to go away without the pleasure of seeing that man."

As Montalde approached, he started to see him. "Are you there," said he, "I thought you had been drowned. What has become of you since M. de Ferbois discharged you?"

"I have been ill," said Montalde, "and I did not dare ——"

"A fine piece of prudence truly, which puts a poor man to the torture! Have I deserved that you should make me a stranger to the situation into which you were fallen?"

Montalde related all that happened to him.

"Ah! Sir," cried the philosopher, and addressing himself to Plemer, "how useful a thing is riches in the hands of a beneficent man! From what a disagreeable situation do you relieve

lieve me! This young man has made me more unhappy than himself. For these two months past he has spoiled my rest, and I have been looking after him in vain. I assure you, Sir, I have reason to be very angry with you, and I only forgive you out of consideration for this excellent man, who has the goodness to take a liking for you."

"I rejoice if I am good," says Plemer, "at having found a man better than myself; I did not think there was a better any where." "Adieu, Sir, I shall ever remember your anger."

They took leave of each other like two old friends, and on the morrow Plemer and Montalde set off.

This journey completely re-established Montalde's health. His soul was wrapped in a delicious state of repose; his happiness seemed like a dream to him; and the delightful views, on the fertile banks of the Loire, contributed still to the enchantment.

"I give you notice," said Plemer, "you are going to be transplanted into a new world, different from any thing you have been accustomed to. My account-books have no resemblance at all to poetry; but you will, perhaps, find in them a kind of knowledge which will be equally interesting to you. It is no small matter to collect the wants, the produce, and the means of exchange of all the countries in the known world: and to calculate the hazards, the perils, the advantages of a commerce which is extended to every part of it. I hope that in these speculations the head even of a poet will not want scope; and, if I am not mistaken, this kind of business is more worthy of you than the jargon of chicanery or politics."

"Considering the situation from which you have relieved me," said Montalde, "any employment by which I could honestly procure a maintenance would have been acceptable; but nothing in the world can make me so happy as to be attached for my life to the man who has restored it to me."

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE SHOWER *of* METEORIC STONES.

THE late meetings of the royal society have been occupied in reading an account of a shower of meteoric stones, at Weston, in North America. The following description, written by the Hon. Mr. Greville, is by far the best authenticated and precise. It states, in substance, that several imperfect and erroneous accounts of this phenomenon are in circulation, but that the present is the result of an investigation made on the ground when it happened. This actually occurred at Weston, in America, about a quarter or half-past six o'clock, A. M. on Monday,

Monday, December 14, 1807. The morning was rather cloudy; the clouds were dispersed in unequal masses; in some places thick and opaque; in others, light, fleecy, and transparent. The day had merely dawned, and there was little or no light, except from the moon, which was just setting. Judge Wheeler was passing through the enclosure adjoining his house, with his eyes rather directed towards the ground, when a sudden flash, occasioned by the transition of a luminous body across the northern margin of a clear sky, illuminated every object, and caused him to look up, when he immediately discovered a globe of fire passing behind a cloud, apparently about one-half or two-thirds the diameter of the full moon. Its progress was not so rapid as that of common meteors or shooting stars; neither was the light emitted by it so intense as the lightning in a thunder storm, but rather more like what is called heat lightning. Its surface was apparently convex. There was no peculiar smell in the atmosphere; and from it first appearance to its total extinction was about 30 seconds. About 30 or 40 seconds after this, three loud and distinct reports, like those of a four-pounder, near at hand, were heard, successively occupying about a second for each. A rapid succession of reports less loud followed those so as to produce a continual rumbling like that of a cannon ball rolled over a floor. Some persons said it was like what, in military language, is termed a running fire; one person observed, that when the meteor disappeared, there were apparently three successive efforts, or leaps of the fire-ball, which grew more dim at every throe, and disappeared with the last of them.

Three principal places are pointed out where the meteoric stones first referred to had fallen at the instant the cannon-like reports were heard. There was in every instance, immediately after the explosions had ceased, a loud whizzing, or roaring noise observed in the air; and in every instance immediately after this, a sudden and abrupt noise, like that of a ponderous body striking the ground in its fall, was heard; excepting one, the stones were more or less broken. One of these stones, which fell near the house of Mr. Burr, struck against a granite rock, and left a stain of a deep lead colour. Another piece, found near Mr. Prince's house, in the neighbourhood of Weston, was buried in a hole about twelve inches in diameter; this stone was about thirty-five pounds in weight. It was to be lamented that, being afterwards broken, a piece of only twelve pounds weight was reserved. This was purchased by Isaac Bronson, esq. of Greenfield, with the view of presenting it to some public institution. The common people, it should be observed, being strongly impressed with the idea that these stones contained gold and silver, subjected them to all the tortures of ancient alchemy; and the goldsmith's crucible, the

forge, and the blacksmith's anvil, were employed in vain to elicit treasure, which existed only in imagination. Upon the estate of Mr. Elijah Seely, the stone that fell there was estimated at 200 pounds weight. This, however, was a deduction only made from the quantity of its fragments, which, when first found, were friable, being easily broken between the fingers; but being taken out of the moist earth, and exposed to the air, they gradually became hard.

The specimens of stone gathered from different places were so similar, that even a superficial observer could pronounce them different from any others commonly seen on this globe. The texture of the stones is granular and coarse, resembling some kind of gritstone. From a hasty analysis of this kind of stone, it appears to consist of silex, iron, magnesia, nickel, and supphur; the two first constitute by far the greatest part; the third is much less in proportion than the others; the fourth still less, and the sulphur exists in a small, but indeterminate quantity. Most of the iron is in a perfectly metallic state; the whole stone attracts the magnet, and this instrument takes up a larger proportion of it when pulverized. These specimens are also found to accord with stones that have fallen in India, France, and Scotland, and their composition is the same.

The earliest account of the fall of a stone of this nature is recorded at Einsisheim, in Upper Alsace. This occurred on the 7th of November, 1492. This substance, said to have weighed 260 pounds, was 'till lately preserved in the parish of Einsisheim. In 1762, two stones fell at Verona. In 1790, a shower of them fell near Agenin, Guienne; and in April, 1802, the same thing happened at L'Aigle. Some philosophers have supposed these stones to have been thrown from terrestrial comets; but this is an hypothesis which will by no means account for an appearance at Sienna in 1794; when stones descended not from a moving meteor, but from a luminous cloud. Some other philosophers have admitted the possibility of their being dropped from the moon; but admitting that bodies can be projected beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, they must then move round the earth in one of the conic sections; in fine, the subject must remain involved in great difficulty, 'till more facts and more mature observations can be obtained.

BON MOT.

BEING requested by a ploughboy, who had brought me a letter, to give him a *drap* of *zomething* to whet his *whistle*, I gave him a bumper of Nantz. Having drank it, "Jack," says I, "do you know what you have been drinking?" "No not I, *Zur*." "Why, Jack, 'twas *aqua fortis*." "Fath and

trath, Measter, I doant know what *that* may be—but damme, if I doant think 'twas strong enough for *aquer fifties.*"

M——n. Z. Z.

REFLECTION.

HOW weak are the resolves of man! How often does he intend well without putting his intentions in execution! A trifling circumstance leads him from the path of rectitude, and he has to regret the commission of follies he but yesterday resolved to avoid.

DOMINION *of the* SEA.

THE sovereignity of the sea, which Great Britain lays claim to, and which it is the grand object of our enemies to subvert, is no new pretension; for it has been claimed and maintained through many ages; but what is rather curious, was first asserted by a poet. A little treatise in verse is preserved in Hackluyt, intitled "De Politicia Conservativa Maris," the author of which is unknown, but supposed to have lived about the reign of Edward IV. It contains some admirable reasoning to prove the use and necessity of a sovereignty on the ocean to this nation, and is thus introduced: "Here beginneth the prologue of the processe of the libel of England's policie, exhorting all England to keep the sea, and namely, the narrow sea: shewing what profite cometh thereof, and also what worship and salvation to England, and to all Englishmen."

In the course of his remarks this spirited writer attempts to deduce our claim to the sovereignty in question from the time of Edward III. by thus explaining a device on our nobles, a gold coin struck by this prince, and representing the monarch in a ship, with a sword in his right hand:

"Four things our noble sheweth unto me,
King, ship, and sword, and power of the sea."

Answer, by W. R. of Plymouth, to L. A. Hart's Question, proposed February 15.

I Find by Bonnycastle's Mensuration that the content of the ring is 355.3 solid inches, from its weight is found to be 98.2lb. which, at 2d. per lb. gives 16s. 4d. for its value.

☞ Similar answers have been received from J. Harvey, jun. of Plymouth; and J. Whitnell, of ****.

Answer, by J. Tucker, of Ottery Barracks, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted the 25th of April, 1808.

IF you the boisterous main will plough,
The SWORD-FISH you may find I vow.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Lewis, of Poole; F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Treadwin, J. Saunders, jun. a constant reader, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Alphonso, of St. Austell; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Whitnell, of ****; J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; W. R. Cave, of Pitney; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. Kent, of Camelford; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by J. Treadwin, of Exeter, to J. Osborne's Charade, inserted May 2.

CREDITON was a bishopric,
Until the days of Leofric.*

* Leofric was the first bishop of Exon.

*** Similar answers have been received from F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; a constant reader, and J. Saunders, jun. of Exeter; J. Horsey, of Castle Castle academy; John Tucker, of Ottery Barracks; W. Kent, of Camelford; John Woodman, North Curry; J. Whitnell, of ****; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; T. Cowd, of Sidmouth; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; Alphonso, of St. Austell; G Trenchard, of Bampton; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; R. Withall, of Plymouth; W. J. a student of Noss Revelstone school, near Plymouth; W. Courtis, of Pynes House; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; W. Woon, of Crampound; and W. G. of Gittisham.

A CHARADE, *by J. Osborn, of Exeter.*

WHEN glitt'ring swords and other weapons rattle,
When men are striving who shall first engage,
My first is 'midst the foremost of the battle,
Spreading destruction mid the horrid rage;
Help'd by my next it tries its furious skill,
And deals grim death amidst the num'rous corps,
So like my whole its purpose is to kill,
And leave the wounded welt'ring in their gore.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

THE place where I delight to dwell
Is in a cavern or a cell;
Alone, unknown, unheard, unseen,
I shun the haunts of noisy men;
I seek the ivy-mantled tower,
A gloomy mansion or a bow'r,
But there the hoarse night-raven's tongue,
Forbids me to continue long.
I'm sometimes reckon'd by mankind
An emblem of a peaceful mind,
Yet often, notwithstanding this,
I am a mark of foolishness.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LIBERTY.

HAIL heav'n-born liberty! who deign'st to smile,
And shedd'st thy blessings o'er Britannia's isle,
Beneath thy sway fair commerce lifts her head,
And plenty thro' our sea-girt isle is spread.

Whilst horrid war, to Europe's utmost bound,
Spreads desolation and destruction round,
And stains with human gore the martial field,
Surrounding nations to the tyrant yield;
And monarchs, crush'd beneath his iron rod,
Bend at his throne, and tremble at his nod.
With dire oppression he each state o'erwhelms,
And sinks in wretchedness the vanquish'd realms.
But 'midst war's dread alarms Britannia stands,
And bids defiance to his martial bands,
Whilst wooden walls surround her happy coast,
And threaten dire destruction to his host;
Safe o'er the main her fleets triumphant ride,
Defying Europe's naval powers allied,
By British seamen, of true courage, mann'd,
Whose brav'ry will protect their native land;

And should a naval force, from haughty France,
Dare on the liquid empire to advance,
Our gallant tars, tho' with inferior force,
In swift pursuit would steer their dauntless course;
With ghastly terror fill proud Gallia's sons,
Whilst thunders rend the air from British guns;
Consign the wretched victims to their fate,
And all their futile plans annihilate.

But should proud Gallia's vaunting, warlike host,
Effect a landing on Britannia's coast,
Her gallant soldiers, warm'd by martial fire,
Would make the hostile band with shame retire;
Whilst volunteers, that patriotic band!
The pride and boast of Albion's happy land,
Would leave their trades, their homes, their wives—to go
And boldly face th' insidious, daring foe;
With noble courage brave death's horrid jaws,
To succour Albion, and support her cause,
The cause of liberty, which will prevail,
Tho' myriads should Britannia's isle assail;
Her dauntless sons for ever will be free,
And nobly fight for glorious liberty;
Convince the tyrant, and his furious band,
That Albion firmly will their shock withstand,
And rise a terror to the warring world,
Whilst other nations are in ruin hurl'd.

Bridgewater, May 30, 1808.

W. D. CHAMPION.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The MATCH GIRL: *A* BALLAD.

OH pray on a poor little straggler take pity!
Who wanders about throughout the wide city
From morning to nine, contented to cry,
Oh come, buy my matches! my matches, come buy!
Oh come buy, &c.

For lighting a candle, or kindling a fire,
Mine are as good matches as you can desire:
Then Oh take compassion on me whilst I cry,
Oh come, buy my matches! my matches, come buy!
Oh come, buy &c.

In all sorts of weather, both sunshine and rain,
I wander, a scanty subsistence to gain;
An hapless poor orphan, no parents have I,
Then Oh buy my matches! my matches come buy!
Then Oh buy, &c.

At Egypt my father his brave life did lose,
My mother she died when she heard of the news;
And often their mem'ries still draw the sad sigh:
Then Oh buy my matches! my matches come buy!
Then Oh buy, &c.

I am cover'd with rags, for no clothes can I get
To skreen my poor limbs from the cold and the wet;
Then pray take me in, my garments to dry,
And Oh buy my matches! my matches come buy!
And Oh buy &c.

On my cries and my wretched condition take pity,
Nor turn a deaf ear to my pitiful ditty:
Give heed to my story, nor think that I lie,
But Oh! buy my matches! my matches come buy!
But Oh buy &c.

Exeter. H. ELLIS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WOMAN DEFENDED.

The following Lines were written *extempore* on reading the Verses entitled "Woman," and signed "Sylvio," which appeared in the Entertainer of May 30.

SYLVIO! write not against the best of those
That e'er th' Almighty plac'd upon the earth;
For without woman what are all the scenes
That *now* give pleasure, or promote our mirth.

'Tis lovely woman that dispels our care,
And cheers the chilling prospects of distress;
'Tis woman's praise that makes e'en cowards dare
Those seeming ills to which the brave men press.

And ev'ry hero feels his bosom burn
With tenfold ardour, and with kindling zeal;
As thinking after battle he'll return,
And at the footstool of his fair-one kneel.

Then cease your railing at Heav'n's choicest boon,
Which in its mercy it vouchsaf'd to give;
For know that without woman we should soon
Feel it a torture to be doom'd to live.

Bristol, June 4, 1808. W.C.